

The World.

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DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL



Aguttside—Can't you lend me three or four of those ropes, Sam? Sam Paul—Sorry, Aggy, old boy, but they're all working. They are filling a long-void want.

KENTUCKY'S SHAME AND DUTY.

WILLIAM GOEBEL took the worst possible political step when he insisted on being declared Governor of Kentucky in spite of the returns. But the man who fired a bullet into Goebel's body yesterday went further and took the worst possible of all steps.

By all history and by all men of even mind assassination is classed as one of murder's most despicable forms. It is the resort of the fanatic or the coward. It never settles a principle. In such a case as that in Kentucky it unsettles everything that the State should hold dear.

Kentucky possesses law and an honest public sentiment. An abridgment of these forces, coupled with patience, would have righted in time even the gross wrongs contemplated by Goebel. The assassin's bullet has rendered that form of correction impossible. At the same time it has laid bloody emphasis on a duty which Kentucky owes to its own good name and to the Union.

The same spirit of violence which led to the shooting of Goebel led also to the recent public roasting of a half-witted negro boy at the stake and to the later triple tragedy in a Frankfort hotel. This spirit is not of the age, nor of the civilization. It is a barbarism and a disgrace. Kentucky can hold her head upright again only when she has exorcised this curse of her Statehood, has banished the pistol and the bowie knife, reconstructed the prevalent idea of "honor" and put out for good the torch of the lynchers by fire.

POLITICS VS. THE CHILDREN.

HERE are lynx-eyed City Magistrates who are able to see politics in The Evening World's demand for a separate police court for child offenders.

The extra court, it is declared, will call for two more Magistrates. These appointments might not be of "our party." Therefore let the children, once started on a downward path, be dragged further by every influence that courtroom association with hardened criminals can bring to bear.

On the concurrent proposition to increase their salaries the Magistrates are undivided by sentiment or politics.

OUR GREAT NEED OF PEACE.

IT is the delight of the unquelling orators to describe the growing glories of our country at the opening of this new century.

It is our opinion that their finest descriptions fall short of the reality and that their boldest predictions will pretty surely lag behind the actual experience.

We would remind all the unquelling orators, however, of a thing that many of them seem to forget. This is, that the maintenance of peace with all the world is of essential importance to our country.

We do not want a belligerent republic or a rampant or gory republic. We do not want our young men to be slain in battle or to slaughter any other people. We do not want our citizens to be burdened with the taxes of war.

We need all the available American energy for building up and enriching our great country, for promoting public prosperity and for enlarging that popular welfare which, in the long run, is the true source of National power.

The "devil invented dancing" shrieks a Pennsylvania backwoods preacher. If he did he gets better service out of some intemperate denouncers of the dance.

Who dragged Pittsman's may remain a mystery. But it's an open secret who has been chloroforming the Horton law.

Mr. Bryan says he has aimed higher than the President. At the 16 to 1 kite, of course. And therefore should his arrow.

The "lost or forgot" contingency will remain permanently absent from the British situation in South Africa.

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GADSKI GIVES A SINGING LESSON

To Beginners: "Be Natural and Look Pleasant." *****

Be natural in your pose. You will never get the best effects from your voice if you take a tense attitude while singing or if you keep your muscles strained and your nerves tense.

What the doctors call relaxation must come, and when you relax you will feel very fatigued. Whereas if you had sung as you walk or stand you would have no fatigue at all.

The voice does not flow so sweetly when the muscles of the voice are drawn tight, and the chest does not give out its best tones when you have squared your shoulders too far back.

Teach yourself how to let go on your muscles. You don't know what an excellent help it will always be to you, not only in singing, but in everything else.



THE WRONG POSE.

Smile, be pleasant, laugh if you can and use your eyes. You are not going to kill any one. You are not intent upon some dreadful deed, and yet, I assure you, many young ladies look that way as soon as they begin to sing.

There are certain difficult cadences that need a certain figure and movement of the head, that even a great artist in acting will have to give, but she will make the expression on her face natural and not as if she were running at you to frighten you.

No singer needs to make a face at all. A singer must open her mouth very wide, and often twist it a little at the corners, but she can learn to do this without a bad effect, and who know the musical part of singing should learn this physical part at once.

Do not fix your eyes with a stare on nothing

and keep that stare up throughout the whole song. Look at the people who are singing to, look at your music, or, if you have none, look down at the accompanist, and then at your audience, all in a natural way, as if you were talking.

Don't get excited over your high notes and the runs, because if you do you will not do them half so well

as you should. It is impossible for the concert singer to take any other attitude than the conventional one, I suppose, holding the music with one hand and looking out at the audience. But the singer in a private house or in the family circle, if she feels she cannot stand quietly and yet naturally, may take some attitude which will give her an easy pose.



MME. GADSKI—CORRECT POSITION.

and your audience will see what an effort it is for you to sing, and they will not enjoy it as much.

Behind your piano have a mirror, and whenever you practice look at yourself in the mirror.

You will not like your looks when singing, and so, little by little, you will learn to smile and to nod your head and to give a meaning to your words. If you have been singing a long time and have never

done this before, then try it at once and see how you look when you see yourself in the mirror singing.

Don't stand as if you were waiting to be shot, with your shoulders drawn high and your hands twisted together and your arms behind your back.

Don't throw your head so far back that it gives a strained look to your throat.

Don't swell the muscles up in the neck and over the chest.

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THIS, TOO, IS WRONG.

For instance, she may put her arm on the back of a chair or lay her arm across the piano and lean a little against it. These things will help her to keep an easy position.

If you find that you cannot sing even one song through without getting a little hoarse or the throat getting tired, then you have not learned to place your voice rightly.

Go to a teacher and see to it that the tones are properly placed before you sing much. There is something wrong if you get hoarse. A properly placed voice, used naturally, should last through some very long and hard singing without showing the least sign of fatigue.

It will not take you very long to learn from a good teacher how to place the tones, and then you will be on the right track and can go on slowly by yourself, if you are not going to study for a long time.

JOHANNA GADSKI.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

THREE TANGLED HEARTS.

"It has been a mistake," said Nathan Tausig. "It has been a bitter mistake. I cannot see how either of us ever made it. But the sooner we retrieve it the better. Therefore let us separate without further delay. A divorce is not necessary. I shall have no further use for matrimony, and, as for you, I know your scruples much too well to think that you would ever be the wife of another man during my lifetime. Now, I have a proposition to make."

"Let one of us take the child and the other the home. You are to choose. If you take Claribel, then leave me the books and pictures and the other things we have cared for. If you choose the home I will take our daughter and go."

Mary Tausig looked about her at the familiar, beautiful room. Her face grew white.

"I will take the child," she said. "I choose Claribel."

Ten years later Mary Tausig and her daughter entered the Auditorium one Friday afternoon for the pleasure of listening to a concert by the Chicago orchestra. With the frank disregard of beauty, which the young can afford to assume, the girl had costumed herself in black. Black plumes shaded her face; her little chin was hidden in her sombre furs, and the delicate hand with which she pressed down her theatre chair was gloved in black.

This slender hand caught the casual glance of the gentleman occupying the next seat, and he followed it with his eyes till it rested on the owner's lap.

It was not till after the music had begun that he chose to lift his eyes. When he beheld the face of the young girl next him a strange and comprehending light stole into his face, and his fixed regard caught the girl to return his look. For a moment a perplexity



"BUT YOU MUST COME, TOO, MARY."

had its way with her. Then an expression of awe—almost fright—appeared in her eyes. Then, quietly and naturally, the two knew themselves for father and daughter meeting after ten years.

The music had changed. The orchestra was giving to the people the most reverent thoughts of a master. True and sweet and comforting was the serene major harmony. In the trembling young girl in the sable garments it awoke a world of tenderness. The longing and dissatisfaction from which she had suffered took concrete form in her elated imagination.

It was her father that she wanted—her father's love, her father's guidance, his authority! She slipped the glove from her warm and quivering fingers and laid them softly—softly as a kiss—within the hand of the man beside her.

The concert ended in time. The three arose. They faced each other. The crowd passed along the aisles.

"Nathan Tausig," said his wife, "oh, wants you and needs you. Take her home with you for a time."

"But you must come, too, Mary. Come, life is going fast. Let us be at peace. What were the olden fables? I have forgotten what they were all about. I only remember how lonely I am."

"Who am I?" said Mary Tausig, with those divine melodies of the master still ringing in her soul, "that I should refuse to walk the path appointed for my feet?"

So they went out together—those three—onto the street, and so home—Chicago Tribune.

When the first quick-transit tramway reaches Jersey in a minute, The most-despised commuter Most distinctly will be in it.

GEORGIE'S PA ON SKATES.

PAW took me and the pupp and Little Albert out skaten in the park the other Day. When he came home in the afternoon and told us what he had on his mind saw said:

"It seems to me kind a Foolish that a man of your age wants to go out and get chilled thru and meby bralk a laig or sumthing or catch the New moansy when they are nothing to be gained by it, and you have a family to support."

"Maw," paw says, "It is One of the greatest draw backs of my life that you always keep thinking I am too old to take a nintrest in things where the vigor of fresh Yung manhood is needed. I no they are some appearance against me. I Couldn't no You as long as I have and still be a boy, but It appases me Every time I think how well I bare up under it. I spose there wasn't canybody in the hole county where I was raised that Could beat me skating, when I was in practice. It always seemed to come nacheral for me to glide over the Glassy surface as graceful as a meagle in its flite."

Maw made me promise to keep Little Albert from harm and we started. After we got to the place a sperry Looking Fella hollowed, when paw was pettin on his skates:

"My, oh my, look at the Old fella."

"It's Gave that Gay Creater—hart disease when I got married," paw says, "It's also him a Few things he never can get out of his mind before."

Then he got up and with a Few staps and Skates to paw and said:

"Paw didn't, and the gurl set Down rits beside him. After paw Explained that he didn't mean Hany harm and would ast her permission before Grabber her only he Haden't time, the yung man who made the Barmark came and helped her up and looked pretty mad at paw."

By that time he was where he could take another start, and I got out of the way.

He came down younanimously, and didn't seem to Care who found Out about it. I dunno what Younanimity is. But that was what a Man with a kind hart that Came Out on the Ice to See if sumthing Could be done Called it.

After while paw sat up, and I understanded the Skates. While I was doing it he Says:

"George."

"What?" I ast.

"If I make a WFF Some time, and then the end sumthing later to make it seem I ast to give evidence of it. I dunno what you say he ast about this, but I was doing it."

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A HANDSOME CLOTH DRESS.



The skirt is made with a tucked flare at the bottom, which is attached to the bottom of the skirt. The back of the skirt is tucked at the top and flares at the bottom. The trimming on the skirt is made of narrow folds of silk muslin. The skirt fastens on the side of the back. It is made over a foundation skirt of silk. The corsage is made of the cloth, tucked in clusters. The cape is made of lace and folds of silk. It is finished on the bottom with a band made of folds of the muslin. The vest is made of muslin and trimmed with velvet ribbon. The collar is made of lace and velvet ribbon. The sleeves are made of folds of muslin and lace.

This merry joke anent the war Makes policemen laugh until they drop— "Why is a roundsman like a Boer?" Because his forte is "Spy on cop."

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

A Historical Conundrum.

Here is a conundrum I made up: Who is the great figurehead of mediæval history? Answer: Charlemagne (or Charles the Great). A. G. RAYBURN.

Question Worthy of Olynus.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What medical reader can inform me if there is any way to reduce the size of one's nose? HERRMAN KRUMMER.

Suggests "19" as Abbreviation.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I notice if no has been a question as to the way to write "1900," and suggest that putting an apostrophe after "19" will be sufficient—as "19'." THOMAS R. SMITH.

Two Dress Ideas Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World: We are two working girls and are invited to a fancy dress ball. Would some tasteful reader kindly suggest two dresses, something to be made at home, not expensive, different from the usual "peasant girl" or "flower" or "card"? T. B.

Safety for Siphons.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Having read of the terrible accident of the exploding of a soda-water steel siphon I wish to tell some facts of a soda-water steel siphon in the future. The Board of Health has power to appoint inspectors to have these soda-water firms test their steel siphons to withstand from 50 to 600 pounds of hydraulic pressure once every three months. I am sure if this was done never would there be an accident of such horrible nature. The poor drivers are in constant fear of their lives. G. J.

"DISCOURAGED JACK."

Will the young man who wrote a letter to The Evening World with the above caption please call at the editorial rooms at his earliest convenience?

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

Says It Every Time.

I am a young man, twenty-two years old, in love with a young lady two years older than myself. When I go to visit her she is very pleasant, but always talks about the other fellow she went with. She is always saying to me that it was his cousin's fault they parted, and if it weren't for her they would still be going together. It is not once she said that to me, but every time we meet. I sincerely hope you will advise me what to do.

The young lady evidently prefers the other man. She is certainly inconsiderate of your feelings. Almost any girl would realize that the least agreeable subject she could find to talk about would be her affections for one man in her conversation with his rival.

I think if I were in your place I should not break my heart about this girl, but should look for a young lady who could at least concentrate her mind upon me while I was paying her a call.

A Loving Lass.

Would you please give me advice what to do? I love a young fellow, oh, so very dearly. Day after day my heart bleeds for him. God knows I love him as no other young man in New York is loved. Please don't put this aside as a giddy girl's letter, because my heart is breaking and I flew to you as my last resource. The young man does not love me. I have not seen him for months. I have reached my twentieth year. I have lots of other admirers who would give their hearts most willingly to me. My hands tremble so I can hardly write. I will watch your paper hoping to get some advice. A. L. E.

My readers are as bad as this I think I should hunt up this young man. You have not given me any inkling as to your former relations with him. I cannot very well advise you how best to regain him if neither you nor I has a ghost of an idea where he is.

SHE IS DOING WELL.



"My pudding hasn't turned out well to-day, madam!" "Never mind, Katie, I'll tell my husband that I made it."

"Very well, madam; he'll think you are improving in cooking!"—Flegende Blaetter.

HOW TO WIN A LOVER.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

Do not let the subject "Man" be your whole study by night and by day, my dear girl. If you are introduced to a handsome young man who fills exactly your ideas of what you would like in the way of a husband, do not let him know it by look, word or act; above all, my dears, do not make the slightest attempt to attract him.

To win a lover you must not let him see that you want him. You must be your natural, own, sweet self, and not affected.



Do not do your utmost to keep up a conversation for the sake of entertaining him. Let him do his share of the talking.

Remember, a constant buzz of small talk is wearying. Let there be moments of restful silence in which you can look bright and smiling and no doubt be a thousand times more attractive than when you are talking.

It is not every girl who is an entertaining conversationalist, and few men expect them to be, to tell the plain truth.

The girl who has a constant smile wreathing her lips is quite as bad as the girl who talks incessantly.

Do just as you would at home, before your own brothers and sisters. Talk unassumingly, as you would talk to them. Laugh if anything really amuses you; do not do so if it does not.

There is quite another important matter to remember, too, my dear girls, and that is to dress unobtrusively.

Of course you long to be as stylish as your girl friend who is with you, but the generality of young men—the kind worth winning for a husband—see more style and beauty in plainness than in furbelows.

If you see that the young man is more attentive to the girl friend who is with you, be sweet, ladylike and agreeable instead of showing resentment, for really, my dear, you must remember that he has a perfect right to admire the one who pleases him the best.

He is probably, her late, and not yours, so do not feel alarmed at your apparent failure to attract him as much as she did.

If you are sweet, modest, agreeable, natural, and not forward, when your Mr. Right comes along you will find what a slight effort it will be—if any—to attract him and hold him by your side, no matter how many prettier girls cross his path.

The failure of girls nowadays is that they make too much of a business of endeavoring to attract a man who they consider would make a good partner.

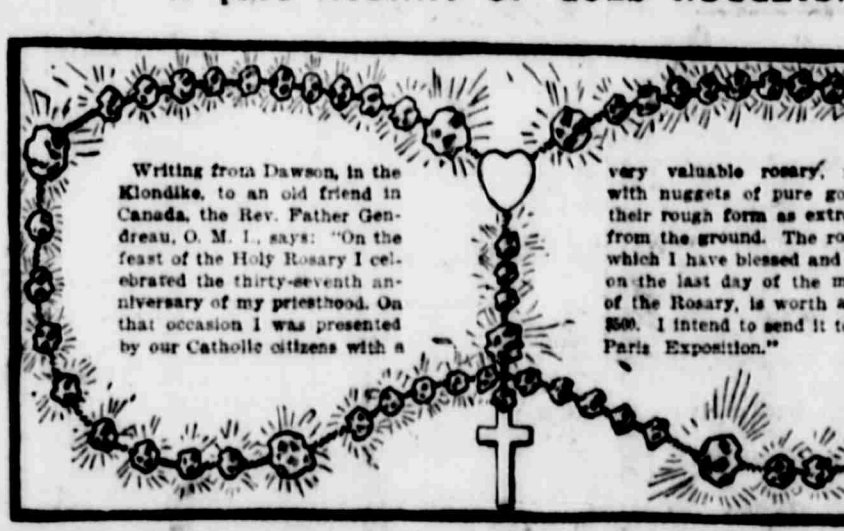
Let the man always be the pursuer in love's chase.

Miss Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Library.

Our drummers no more lurid tales are reciting,

And now save their breath for the task of Trust-fighting.

A \$500 ROSARY OF GOLD NUGGETS.



Writing from Dawson, in the Klondike, to an old friend in Canada, the Rev. Father Gendreau, O. M. I., says: "On the feast of the Holy Rosary I celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of my priesthood. On that occasion I was presented by our Catholic citizens with a very valuable rosary, made with nuggets of pure gold in their rough form as extracted from the ground. The rosary, which I have blessed and used on the last day of the month of the Rosary, is worth about \$500. I intend to send it to the Paris Exposition."

Was Pitt knocked out by drugs or did Jeff hit him?

This question now the world of sportsmen venes. Pitt thinks this change on the old saw would fit him— "The dogs in night are the star players."

MADE—Did you give Tom permission to kiss you? CAME—Of course not. He didn't ask it.

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A MAN OF LETTERS.



"What are you doing nowadays?" "I live by my pen."

"And what do you write, if I may ask?" "Answers to my friends' questions."

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